







## Extracts.

**IN THE DAYS WHEN EARTH WAS YOUNG.**  
"In the days when Earth was young,  
Love and laughter roamed together;  
Love took all the world along—  
And round him all was golden laughter;  
But there came a sick noon—  
When all will be when life is gone?"  
Laughter then would sit by his skill;  
Sing of mirth and joy, dying;  
But he played his part so ill,  
He set Echo all a-sighing;  
Ever came an undertone—  
What will be when life is done?"  
Then for ever since that time,  
Love no more can live with Laughter;  
For bright as is the Summer-prime,  
Winter pale will follow—  
Love henceforth must part with Signs;  
Joy was left to Paradise."

From A. G. BUTLER.

## OURENT AND OCCIDENT.

I remember well our meeting,  
When we first met in the right  
Grace and beauty o'er the feelings,  
First my soul was ailed to light.  
When in strife's baptism,  
Slowly dragged the hours for me;  
Naught was there of inspiration,  
Of hope, for love, and death.  
At the days were being numbered,  
Mid ill, and, aye, with care;  
Te memory's o'er the soft voice sounded;  
In dream I saw the feelings fade.  
Once again my heart is beating,  
Again thou, down, down upon my spirit,  
Grace and beauty o'er me feeling,  
Awake my soul to pure delight.  
Ever be my consolation,  
Life's arrived once more to me;  
My hope, my love, my duty.

## THE CITY OF ORANGE.

There are few foreign cities whose names are often, in one way or another, in the mouths of Englishmen than the name of the City of Orange, and yet there is no place whose geography there are wilder confusions about. Orange and England have had one Sovereign in common, and the accident of that common Sovereign has caused the name of Orange to become so familiar that men constantly utter it without the least thought what it means. Orange gave its name to a line of princes, one of whom was also a King of England; and from that Prince of Orange who was King of England, Second of Scotland, Third of England, and Tenth of Orange—that the old Roman and Burgundian city owes the peculiar meaning which its name has borne, ever since Orange colours were first worn by its friends and rotten oranges first seized by its enemies. As the geographical position of Orange is thus to most minds so mysterious, it is not wonderful that the city seems not to be much frequented by English travellers. Orange has a station on one of the great highways of Europe, on the railway from Marsella to Lyons and Paris; but the town itself lies a little off the line. The mighty wall of its theatre may be seen from the railway, but Orange is not actually on the main road, like Arles, Avignon, and Vienne. And, as it does not lie immediately on the railway, neither does it lie immediately on the great river whose course the railway so closely skirts. Arles, Avignon, and Vienne are washed by the mighty Rhone; they stand out at once as sortiments, as bulwarks of the Imperial land against the encroaching power beyond its stream. Orange is less directly on the frontier; it lies away from the great river, by the banks of an almost invisible tributary, a stream whose name seems given to it to remind us where we are, a nameless of the Main which flows by Imperial Frankfurt. Orange, therefore, does not force itself on the eye in the same way as the other cities of the Rhone-slaud; the town itself is smaller; than its fellows, and, I should imagine, to ordinary tourists less attractive.—Macmillan.

## THE WORLD AT THE TIME OF THE ADVENT.

The world was certainly not barbarous nineteen centuries ago. Time and the course of events had raised it far above barbarism. Single families had long grown into tribes; tribes had long expanded into nations; actuated by war and commerce, had become great and populous empires. One of these, more powerful than the rest, was supreme over large portions of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa. Wherever the arms of Rome were carried, there went with them the civilising influence of Roman literature and Roman arts. In her cities, and especially in her capital, refinement was carried to the extreme of luxury. What monuments remain to command our admiration of the skill of her architects, sculptors, and painters, and of the painters, sculptors, and architects, who had preceded them! Think of the poets, historians, orators, philosophers, who flourished previously to the Christian era! How profound are their speculations in every department of thought, how near their approach to truth in many! Nor must we confine our attention to Rome and to Greece—Rome's instructress in philosophy and letters. Empires great in arms, in literature, and in arts, had risen and fallen in the East long before Western civilisation came in contact with them. What was the moral condition of them all? Still, whatever may be thought of him in other respects, is a trustworthy evidence in this; and the statements which he advanced in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans; are more than confirmed by the writings of Juvenal and Persius among the Latins, and of Lucian among the Greeks. How, indeed, could a "community" be other than rotten to the core where domestic slavery prevailed in its worst form, when the marriage tie was held in no respect, where the exposure of infants was habitual, and where for the amusement of the multitude men butchered each other in the amphitheatre? Perhaps the world was never more civilised, using that term in its conventional sense, than in the interval between the accession of Augustus and the reign of Tiberius Caesar. Certainly it was never more steeped in corruption, which extended through all classes, masking rulers, venal subjects, base, crass, guilty, punished venal, detestable, destroying in individuals the very sense of shame, and outraging all the laws of decency and decorum.

Looking at the matter in this light, remembering that there was a time when man's intellectual nature had wonderfully expanded itself, while his moral sense was utterly debased, the problem which presents itself for solution is this; whether it is more consistent with our notions of the wisdom and benevolence of the great First Cause to believe that He would look with indifference at the moral ruin of His intelligent creatures, and suffer it to go on; or that, as from time to time He adjusts the laws of the material world so as to bring order out of confusion, so He should apply to an evil which could by no other process be arrested, just such a remedy as He is represented to have applied in the New Testament? For what is the remedy? "No violence whatever is offered to that absolute freedom of will which is inseparable from the nature of man; but motives are presented to him of sufficient force to outweigh, by the assurances of greater good in the future, the impulses which direct him to grasp at a present good, indifferent to consequences."—From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

**THE DOG AND THE BURGLAR.**  
"A poor woman, who lived in an unpopulated part of Scotland, became unexpectedly possessed of a large sum of money. She asked the advice of a butcher of her acquaintance, telling him that she was afraid to live alone in the house with such a sum of money.  
"Never fear," said the butcher; "I will leave my dog with you, and I'll warrant you that no one will dare to enter your house."  
So, towards evening, the dog was brought and chained up close to the place where the money was kept. In the course of the night a robber made his way into the house, and was proceeding to carry off the money when he was seized by the dog, who held him prisoner until assistance came. The thief was the butcher himself, who thought that perhaps I could handle him if he had no weapon; but I never for one moment took my eyes off his face, and when I could fairly catch his eyes, I gazed back full and determinedly into them, with all the power of my will. This affected him singularly, and he began to avoid my direct look, and fidget in his seat—a restlessness which I knew to be a bad symptom.

In the meantime I tried in a degree to thrash him. "Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, "before thou proceedest to chastise me will thou not take some dinner?" The bully was a glutton, and at once consented to washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He then rose up to fill his original errand. "Friend," said the Quaker, "will thou not first take some punch?"—And he supplied abundance of punch. The boy, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer. But quoth the other, "Friend, with thou not da pipe?"—This affected him singularly, and he appeared to do so.

My eyes were off him for a moment, and as quick as though he were snatched with both hands at my throat, which he grasped as though in a vice. In doing this he rose to his feet. For one instant, I could hardly breathe, but I struck both his foot from under him by a blow of my hands behind the knees, and he came down at once upon the floor. Throwing my weight against his body, I came down upon his chest, with his body under me, while I succeeded in freeing my throat from his grasp.

"I can't drive these snakes and devils off unless you keep quiet and don't get in my way," said I. "Get up and go into that corner, while I throw them out of the window." I continued, in a stern voice, "and be quick about it!"

I obeyed instantly, and did not seem to comprehend that he had just attacked me so violently.

"Oh," said he, in a moment after; "the devil looked over your shoulder, and I thought it was you!"

"Keep quiet, and don't get in my way again," I said, as I once more went through the pantomime of throwing imaginary devils and reptiles out of the window, not daring to put my own head out, lest he should get me at a disadvantage and dash me out also. Would the train never stop? Here I had been shut up with this madman for at least an hour, and had I not sufficiently comprehended the ease to take his knife away from him at the outset, doubtless he would have murdered me before this time. He was as strong as a lion. I might not be so lucky in a second struggle as I had just been in throwing him off. With all the erratic impulse of madmen, he was liable to be upon me any moment.

"There's a box constructor," screamed the man, seizing my arm and pointing to the end of the car. "He will break every bone in my body. Kill him—kill him!"

"Well, well," said I, soothingly, "let go my arm and I will fix him there. Sit in your corner and give me room," and I thrust him back into the opposite seat.

I once more went through the pantomime of an imaginary struggle to eject some monster from the window.

"Ha! He's getting the better of you!" screamed the maniac. "He will be after me next," and he made a spring at the other door; but it was squarely locked on the outside, otherwise he would have been under the wheels of the train and killed in an instant.

"All right, the big snake has gone," said I, seizing him as he struggled to get his body out of the window.

I looked cautiously around, and then struck into the corner seat.

The continuous mental and physical strain was quite unnerving me. We must certainly be approaching the end of our journey, for it was already seven o'clock p.m., and we were due at 7.20. If I could only manage the lunatic for twenty minutes, relief would be at hand. He saw me look at my watch.

"Do you know that you have just put a live hand into your pocket?" he whispered to me.

"Yes, I am going to keep it for a curiosity. It is one of those I cut off from the reptiles just now."

"I thought so. You are one of them! You'll eat that for your supper. Oh, you devil you!"

And he sprang at me with frantic rage, grasping once more at my throat, but I was on my guard this time. I got both of his hands in mine, and we struggled together for more than a minute, when, by a sudden effort, I stepped upon the seat, raising myself above him, and by sheer force of weight threw him once more upon the floor with my knees on his chest. He came down this time so heavily that I feared I had knocked the life out of his body, and for a moment he remained motionless. I looked up at the strap upon my travelling-case, which hung in the rack; it only had a strong rope I might be able to seize him before he avenged, and then I could easily manage him. I had nothing suitable, however, for this purpose.

I was actually glad when I saw him open his eyes more, for I began to dread lest I had killed him.

"Have you cleared those devils all out?" he asked me very quietly, and with a heavy sigh.

"Every one of them. Get up and sit in the saloon, the safest place, and I will keep them off you."

These last two minutes seemed an eternity. Should we never get to our journey's end? By a glance out of the window I could get a glimpse of the distant Adria. Surely we must stop in five minutes more—certainly.

The stranger began to be restless again. What would he attempt next? I kept my eyes fixed upon him, which seemed unbroken, and to quail in the least, yet I could see that he was growing considerably more uneasy, and that a struggle was undoubtedly pending. I dare not suggest a word lest he should hunt me fit, and so could keep me on my guard.

It was already sunset, and the air seemed full of golden mist, as the train at last began to move more slowly, and then it stopped altogether, just as the guard threw open the door, with the ringing cry, "Venit!" to my infinite satisfaction.

The moment the door opened my mad companion made a rush to get out, and leaped upon the platform of the depot, was immediately seized by two stout fellows, while a third handcuffed him. He was expected at the conductor, told me afterwards—a telegram having been sent forward to secure him. It seemed that he had escaped from an insane asylum, never having been taken to the train, when he purchased his ticket, and made all proper arrangements for the journey to Venice with as much correctness and knowledge of detail as though perfectly sane.

I am a person of more than average coolness, and accustomed to meet various exigencies, but I must confess that my nerves were considerably shaken by this ride with a madman. Well, that's a comfort," said the stranger, calmed down considerably. "You did that very well. Stop! there is one with awful

gating in this corner. See, I see it!" and he trembled all over as he pointed to the corner of the couch.

"Don't be afraid," said I, "just let me get him," and I went through an imaginary tussle with an animal, and with not a little apparent exertion, pretended to throw him also out of the window.

"Where is the knife?" said he suddenly.

"I dropped it out with those devils."

"That's bad," said the man, "but they've all gone for the present."

"All," said I, "not one left."

He drew a long breath as though quite relieved, and I leaned for a time on the train should stop, so that I could free myself from the companionship of a lunatic. I had thrown away his knife, and thought that perhaps I could handle him if he had no weapon; but I never for one moment took my eyes off his face, and when I could fairly catch his eyes, I gazed back full and determinedly into them, with all the power of my will.

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He was evidently suffering from delirium tremens, and in the most violent form. Naturally a large and strong man, his physical powers were of course greatly excited and increased temporarily by the derangement of the brain. I knew that a man in his situation was entirely unmanageable to reason, and that the easiest, and perhaps the only way to control him at all, was to adopt his own ideas, however unreasonable, and to fisease to manage him without appearing to do so.

My eyes were off him for a moment, and as quick as though he were snatched with both hands at my throat, which he grasped as though in a vice. In doing this he rose to his feet. For one instant, I could hardly breathe, but I struck both his feet from under him by a blow of my hands behind the knees, and he came down at once upon the floor.

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